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THE MISCELLANIST.—No. II.

THERE are few readers of English ballads, to whom the following is not known: and, perhaps, there are many, who will agree with Chwilydd in considering it entitled to the praise, he bestows on it, of possessing some humour. Yet no Welshman can help observing, how remarkably the poet has failed in hitting off the peculiar traits of our national character.—But, indeed, in this respect, what English writer has ever succeeded? From the days of Shakespear himself, incomparable, as he was, in his general delineations of human nature, down to the present, an unaccountable misconception has prevailed on this point. For even Smollett, however masterly his pictures from life in every other respect, has given to his Welsh portraits a coarse and unnatural colouring. Yet this prominent fault of English authors would have been less inexcusable, if its manifest aim were not to render the Welsh character an object of ridicule rather than of interest. And, had not this tendency proceeded, as it does, from the grossest ignorance of the manners of our country, the contempt, to which it is so justly exposed, must have been long ago turned into indignation. But, as the latent energies of our native land are at length awakened, some one may arise to vindicate the distinguishing simplicity and unsophisticated morality of the Welsh character. Some one, glowing with the ambition of a Fielding or a Scott, and animated by a kindred genius, may yet pourtray it as it is, and as it ought to be. For thus only can we hope, that the barbarous and unfounded prejudices, excited by English writers, can be effectually consigned to the oblivion they so well deserve. However, the following ballad, even with this deduction from its merit, may be called humorous, or, at least, ludicrous; and the translations will serve to establish a comparison in no respect to the disadvantage of the Welsh language.

Chwilydd's hint with respect to the PENNILLION is, undoubtedly, just, and entitled to every attention. But the conductor of this work has no wish, for the present at least, to publish any of those effusions, that are not purely and originally Welsh. As far, therefore, as his own judgment may guide him, his intention is to avoid the introduction of such as are translations from other languages. And, if he should unconsciously commit an error in this view, correction would always be deemed a favour. Per-

haps one or two of the PENNILLION in the first Number may fall under the suspicion of not being, strictly speaking, indigenous.

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To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Having never seen your Prospectus, I was somewhat surprised the other day, when the two first Numbers of the CAMBRO-BRITON were put into my hands, but was very well pleased when I had read them. The plan appears judicious, and the execution of it sensible and neat. There is not too much, and at the same time there is sufficient variety. I am particularly pleased with your admitting some choice PENNILLION of our countrymen, which are certainly superior to any epigrams we meet with in any Greek or Latin anthology. Might not their subjects be classed, and more methodically arranged? And, if any should be translations or imitations, as I know some are, would it not be right to insert the originals?

As the beautiful air, “Of noble Race was Shenkin,” has been twice mentioned with praise in the CAMBRO-BRITON (p. 13 and p. 45), you will perhaps excuse me for transcribing Dryden’s satirical, but humorous ballad, with a translation in Greek, Latin, and Welsh; and, if it accords with your plan, I should like to see them inserted in a future Number. They may amuse one reader and admonish another; and I have no doubt but your laudable aim is to obtain success *lectorem delectando pariterque monendo*. Wishing you all success,

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

October 13, 1819.

CHWILEDYDD.

SHENKIN.

Of noble race was Shenkin,
Of the line of Owen Tudor;
But hur renown was fled and gone,
Since cruel Love pursued hur.

Fair Winny’s eyes bright shining,
And lily-breasts alluring,
With fatal dart smote Shenkin’s heart,
And wounded past all curing.

Hur was the prettiest fellow
At foot-ball or at cricket;
At prison base and hunting chase,
Cotsplut how hur would nick it!

But now all joys defying,
 All pale and wan hur cheeks too ;
 Hur heart so aches, hur quite forsakes
 Hur herrings and hur leeks too.
 No more must dear Metheglin
 Be topped at dear Montgomery ;
 And if Love sore smart one week more,
 Adieu, cream-cheese and flumry !

GREEK.

α'

Περικλυτος μεν Σιεγκεν,
 Θεοδωριδης δε γενοσ·
 Οδ' υπ' ερωτος, δειλος ερωτος,
 Ου γυν, οδ' εχει μενος.

β'

Καλλιστης Ουνιφριδης
 Οφθαλμω, πυρος μεσω,
 Τη κραδιην ωταζετην
 Ωτειλη ανηκεσω.

γ'

Παλων μεν εν αγωνι
 Παντ' αβλη λαβ' εν δικη·
 Τω, ηδ' τρεχοντι, η βαλλοντι,
 Αiei παρην η νικη.

δ'

Νυν δ' αυτε εν παρειαις,
 Ιδω ο ωχρος τωδε
 Καρδια, και τυρον μισει·
 Και κρομυ' εκ ευωδη.

ε'

Υδρομελε δε εκετι
 Μεθυσει εν Μογθμερι·
 Ει δε φλοξ δεινη εξ ημερας μεινη,
 Τη λοιπε, Χαιρε, Φλυμερι !

LATIN.

Præclarus ortu Shenkin
 E stirpe Theodori;
 Sed cessit ah me ! splendor famæ
 Cupidinis furori.

Splendentes Winifredæ
 Ocelli perculère
 Cor, heu! crudeli ictu teli:
 Desperat ars mederi.
 Tam doctus erat nemo
 Vel pilâ, vel bacillo:
 Cursu campestri, vel pedestri,
 An compar ullus illi?
 At gaudia hæc fugerunt;
 Emaciuntur genæ:
 Pectus næ dolet! nec, ut solet,
 Jam cepe olet bene.
 Sed nunc non delectandum
 Metheglin de Montgomery:
 Si desit quies plus sex dies,
 Æternum valeat flumry!

WELSH.

[The following version is by the Rev. WM. MORGAN, rector of
 Llanfair yng Nghornwy, in Anglesey.]

'R oedd Siencyn o hil hynod
 O âch hên Dudur eurglod;
 Ond f'aeth ei fri o isel ri',
 Er pan roes Cupid ddyrnod.
 O gonglau llygaid Gwenffryd,
 A'i gwynion fronau hyfryd,
 Y laeth y saeth i'w galon gaeth,
 A'i rhoes mewn alaeth benyd.
 Fe oedd yr impyn hardda'
 Uwch ben y bêl mewn tyrfa;
 Am chwareu câth nid oedd mo'i fâth,
 Am redeg, gwých y piccia.
 Yn awr fe ddarfu'n erwin,
 Mae'i ruddiau 'n gulion gethin;
 A'i friw mor gâs, nad oes mor blâs
 Ar benwaig, nac ar gennin.
 Ni phrofir Medd ond hynny,
 Yn anwyl Sir Montgomery;
 Os pair y clwy' ond wythnos hwy,
 Ffarwel, Gaws gwyn a Llymry!